The IRISH ROBBERS's *Adventure.*

To which is added

17.

. AN ELEGY on the DEATH of CAPTAIN ALLEN.

I. PHARLHA NHE KILTHEE BAWN.

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The IRISH ROBBER's *Adventure.*

IN Reddans town I was bred and born,
At Stephens green I die in ſcorn,
I was a beaker to my trade,
And was always counted a roving blade.

I took to me a pretty wife,
Loved her as I loved my life,
And to maintain her fine and gay,
Dukes and Earls for it did pay.

When my caſh it did run low,
On the high road I was forced to go,
Where I robb'd Lords and Ladies bright,
And brought the gold to my heart's delight.

On hounſlo heath I did reſort,
And ſometimes in St. James's Park,
Where I robb'd Lords and Ladies, Aye,

And for the ſame crime I now muſt die.

I robb'd Lord Mansfield in groveſnor ſquare
And Lady Weldon I do declare,
I robb'd them and bid them good night,
Went to the play with my love that night

As thro' covent garden we ſtroled away,
With my freſh Madam going to the play,
It's old blind Fielding did me purſue,
Taken I was by his bloody crew.

Now I'm caſt and doom'd to die,
Many is the freſh Madam for me will cry,
Their ſighs nor tears will not ſave me,
Nor keep me from the ſad gallows tree.

My mother cries and makes ſad moan,
My father ſays oh! my darling ſon,
My bloan ſhe cries and tears her hair,
Where ſhall I go for I'm in deſpair.

PEARLHA NHE KILTHEE BAWNE,

ONE morning as I rowed down by a ſhady grove,
Where birds did ſing harmonious,
Within their downy throats they warbled pretty notes,
In concert they ſang melodious;
Encompaſſed by a ſhade I ſaw a comely maid,
Whoſe charms did ſoon trepan me,
In cruel Cupid's chain, all for that blooming dame,
Called Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

Ah could I but indite as well as I can write,
In praiſe of that lovely creature,
I wou'd employ my quill with all my art and ſkill,
Extolling each beauteous feature;
The charmer whom I prize for beauty outvies,
Fair Helen or chaſte Diana,
Search the nation round, none equal can be found,
To Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

In aſpect ſhe's divine, her eyes tranſparent ſhine,
Her cheeks with the roſes vieing,
Her ſkin I might compare with fragrant lillies fair,
Or ſnow on a mountain lying;

She is affable and ſweet, engaging and diſcreet,
And mild as the fair Suſana,
Had I the Afric ſtore I'd barter it and more,
For Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

No patches, paint, nor airs does my darling wear,
To ſpoil her reſplendant charms,
Her homely array ſhe dreſſes each day,
In beauty my thoughts alarm;
Her bright celeſtial face, is filled with modeſt grace,
Her lips as ſweet as manna,
Sure nature ne'er framed a form ſo ſerene
As Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

This lovely charming maid, who has me betrayed,
It's for her I grieve and anguiſh
There's none but ſhe alone can eaſe my moan,
Or heal my ſad pain and anguiſh;
I'm burning in love's flame, while I complain,
And moan unknown to any,
In doleful deſpair for that ſeraphic fair,
Called Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

But to my grief I find, my charmer is inclined,
To one in a higher ſtation,
And to augment my pain ſhe treats me with diſdain,
Which cauſes my ſad vexation;
Great is my myſery, ſince ſhe has ſlighted me,
My ſorrows I'm ſure are many,
Tho' ſhe has cruel proved, I cannot help but love,
Sweet Pearlha nhe kilthee bawne.

An Elegy on the Death of CAPTAIN ALLEN.

(By Richard Gould.)

YE ſouls that love ſport,
To me now reſort,
And hearken to my lamentation;
When you hear of my tale,
I am ſure you 'wont fail,
To give me your full approbation;
I mean to bemoan,
A Brother that's gone,
By death ſnatched away without warning,
And tranſported o'er,
To that ſilent ſhore,
From whence there is no returning.

Ye echo's awake and quickly repeat,
The merrits of brave *Captain Allen*
But ſure all his worth,
I cannot ſet forth,

The taſk is too great
For my talent;
But this I can ſay,
He was chearfull and gay,
He had wit upon every occaſion;
A verſe for to make,
Or a Glaſs for to take,
He never made any evaſion.
Through Country and Town,

He oft took a round,
The Landladies all him admired;
For ſtill when he ſpoke,
He had ſome merry joke,
Of which they would never be tired;
But now he is no more,
His loſs they deplore,
Crying God be with poor *Captain Allen*,
Who uſed to come here,
Our health's for to cheer,
But now ah! farreer we can't have him.

His intimates too,
That rightly him knew,
Will never forget *Captain Allen*;
Throughout all Newtown,
And five miles around,
There's few but will often think of him,
To begin at the firſt,
And come down to the leaſt,

His company ſtill was ſo pleaſing;
They think with regret,
Upon his hard fate,
That death ſhould ſo ſuddenly ſeize him.

The town is quite low,
Since the Captain did go,
They all ſay they think themſelves loneſome;
Still when he'd come in,
Some news he would bring.
Would ſet them a laughing and joking;
But now it's all o'er,
Since the Captain's no more,
His wit it no longer will cheer them;
And oft for his ſake,
Great moan they do make,
To think he will never come near them.

But come I'll have done,
And finiſh my ſong,
Then fill me a glaſs of good Whiſkey;
You good fellows all,
On you I do call,
And hope you will come and aſſiſt me;
A Bumper I'll crown,
And let it go round,
Let no man be ſordid or ſullen;
But fill up your glaſs,
And let this toaſt paſs,
The MEMORY of brave *Captain Aſton.*

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